

The Bacon Craze

AN ANSWER TO

THE SHAKSPEARE MYTH

BY

Mr EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart.

BY A MEMBER OF

THE MANCHESTER ARTS CLUB

(J. H. McCornick)

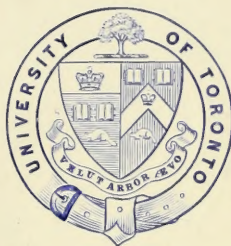
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With the Author's

Compliments

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The Bacon Craze.

THE *Raison d'être* of this little work is the recent production of a book called "The Shakspeare Myth" by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart. This is a selected portion of a previous work on the same subject by the author, and is spread broadcast through the country I presume, as a copy of it was left at my door. In this short summary of a larger work Sir Edwin repeats all the vilest epithets against the personality of Shakspeare, and no one can read them without feeling the intensest disgust against all the tribe of Baconites or monomaniacs, as Sir Sidney Lee terms them, and their unwarranted heresy in connection with the plays of Shakspeare. Our Bard prophetically wrote that there is "no damnèd error but some sober brow will bless it" and approve it with a text, and here we have it to the fullest extent, though I doubt whether the word "sober" can be applied to any of the detractors of our great poet. All the trouble seems to have begun in America and by a Miss Delia Bacon who was anxious to give more glory to the name. Then she was followed by another American named Wm. Hy. Burr, who wrote to prove that

Shakspeare could not read nor write. To him succeeded Ignatius Donnelly whose Cryptogram caused much controversy and amusement. He too carried on the game of vilification, filling up many pages of his book by stating that Shakspeare didn't spell his name as it was given on the title-pages of his published Plays; that he did not own the plays; and never had owned them; finds a double-meaning in Jonson's praise of the dead Shakspeare, "Thou art still alive while thy book doth live," which he says means that the writer of the Plays was yet alive, that the writer of them spelt his name Shakspeare, whilst the Stratford man's name was Shakspere. These charges would be of little consequence now only that they are every one hashed up by modern writers. When Donnelly visited England for the first time and went to Stratford his companion showed him that the name on the monument and on the grave was spelt Shakspeare, at which he confessed himself much surprised. So much for his value as a critic. In his book he repeats all the paltry little stories he could collect as regards Shakspeare's early days that could be used to damage his character, quoting for one the statement made by an Archdeacon of Lichfield in 1708—nearly a hundred years after the Bard's death—to the effect that Shakspeare was given to all unholiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from

Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him often whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native county to his advancement. This is the sort of logic employed as a proof that he could not have written the plays ascribed to him. The humourists of that time made fun of Donnelly and his Cryptogram—what is its value now?—*Punch*, among the rest said :

“ Says Mither Donnelly,
Who writes so funnily,
‘ Sure, Bacon’s side I am on ’;
‘ The side of Bacon,’
Says *Punch*, ‘ you’ve taken
Against our Will is gammon.’ ”

My excuse for referring to Donnelly is because those who read his Cryptogram will there find many of the foolish views and rash statements which are made to do duty again by those who adopt the opinion that Shakspeare did not write the poems and plays. But as some one did write them who so probable as the grave, scientific and philosophical Bacon. And thus the discussion goes on, though like Hamlet’s father’s ghost, “ a thing of shreds and patches.”

Bacon was born in 1561, three years before Shakspeare. After being at Cambridge he studied at Gray’s Inn, but then only for a short time, as at the age of 15 he went for three years to France attached to the household of Sir

Amyas Paulet, our ambassador there. His father died three years later, and left Francis with but a small fortune, which caused him thus early in life to seek a position of honour and usefulness in connection with the State. He decided for the Law, and studied again at Gray's Inn. He entered Parliament when he was only 23. He soon became active in religious controversies of his day, but he leant towards the Puritans through being brought up in a Puritan atmosphere at home. As a politician Bacon was honest, and soon began to have influence in the House, sometimes against his own chances of promotion which he so anxiously desired. He, in 1593 for instance, protested against a measure which interfered with the power of the House of Commons to control supply. The lack of promotion disturbed him very much, as his applications for preferment to the Solicitor Generalship were refused, and he was heavily in debt. His elder brother, Anthony, helped him to his own embarrassment, but the Earl of Essex made him the present of a handsome estate. This same patron it was against whom he exerted his powerful eloquence ten years later which helped to send Essex to the scaffold. Bacon became important. His eloquence as a speaker met with acknowledgment. He was a lawyer, and his decisions were received with respect. He grew

in honour and riches. He became successively the King's Counsellor, Solicitor General, Registrar of the Star Chamber, Attorney-General, Lord Keeper, and Lord Chancellor. This great post he lost through accepting bribes. In May, 1621, he was consigned to the Tower for a short time, and only got permission to return to London, coupled with a general pardon, after two years. Three years later he died, that is to say, on the 9th April, 1626. He was a man who by his tact, industry, and intellect, gained the highest honours his country could bestow, but with these things we are not now specially concerned. It is as a man of intellect and philosopher, who loved knowledge in order to diffuse it, as an author whose books have satisfied the most learned of men, and the youngest student, that it becomes of interest to know what he was doing as a scholar and teacher during all these years. Independent of his diligent duties in Parliament, his pen was busy not only in political pamphlets, from the letter of advice to Queen Elizabeth in 1584 when he was 33 years old, but to such successive works as his "Essays," published in 1597; the "Advancement of Learning," 1603-5; "Novum Organum" completed in 1620, a work begun about twelve years previously. His last mentioned work, "Sylva Sylvarum," he left unfinished, but upon which he was employed until the time of his death.

It will thus be seen that independent of a strenuous public and political life, with all the necessary time that had to be given to his legal duties, that Bacon had done a very great amount of work. Enough surely for one man. Yet now we are asked to believe that he was also the author of the Poems and Plays that have always been, and with reason, attributed to the actor Shakspeare. It has always been considered that the study and thought involved in the writing of the 36 plays printed in the first folio showed an enormous amount of labour for any one man who died in the prime of life. Yet all this labour is now attributed to Bacon, though as shown, the toils of his own profession, coupled with his Parliamentary duties, entailed upon him the severest of tasks, and his health was not always good. With the actor such labour as play-writing would become easy, and he could devote himself to it without interfering with other outside duties. But with Bacon the case would be different. Could he ever find time to attend rehearsals, consult with the actors, give advice where needed, add to or curtail his MSS? Of course I shall be met with the remark that the actor, Shakspeare, would do all this for Bacon, be his "left hand," for a consideration, so that he would not be wanted at the theatre, a place which one in his position was not expected to, or dare not, frequent. There is

one answer to this, besides its improbability, and that is Bacon could never afford it, no matter what his income might be, and in the early years of his manhood it was very small, he was in frequent monetary troubles, and more than once arrested for debt. Why should he spend money on such fancies as play-writing? Was it for fame? Then according to Sir Edwin and other writers of the kind he took a curious way of obtaining it by hiding his identity from the world.

It is the boast of some Baconians that every line he wrote can be traced or produced. If so where are the manuscripts of the plays? These might reasonably be lost, but where in other people's writings or records of conversations is there the slightest reference that Shakspeare had anything to do with Bacon as regards theatre matters. I am not referring to any Masque in which they might have both taken an interest or have been in association, nor any performance of Shakspeare's plays at the Middle Temple or Gray's Inn, in their earlier years, but to the great plays produced at the Globe or Blackfriars theatres. As regards the plays in question it is not possible but that something would have leaked out concerning such a great matter, nor is it possible either that the intimate friends of both should not by some hint, or statement, amongst themselves, refer to the remarkable connection

between the two men. Sir Edwin pictures Bacon as superintending the issue of the first folio, arranging the pages, even the columns, and the exact place where certain words should appear, so that he might make a word, or a cryptogram, which would reveal his name as the author of the plays centuries after his decease, in other words the year 1910. What a pity that whilst Bacon was so occupied, and so anxious for his fame, that he did not have printed the exact words he wrote in his plays, and so saved the labours of the countless commentators, and emendators, who have passed wearisome lives in trying to find out what the poet meant, and assisted a world of weary readers. Did he for instance make Ariel say, "where the bee sucks there 'suck' I," or as given in some editions "lurk" I? It would be satisfactory even to have this small matter cleared up, though it is only one of a thousand difficulties of the like kind. In collecting the plays for the folio he must have made the acquaintance of Heming and Condell who issued it, and given them instructions about his wishes, and so have revealed himself to them. They give no indication of any interview with Bacon, nor ever mention his name. Were they too in the dreadful conspiracy of silence? As Shakspeare's fellow actors and friends, and who remembered them in his will, the folio was issued to the world by them

as the Plays of William Shakspeare. This was published in 1623, the year before Bacon gave us his great work, "De Augmentis," and of which he wrote to his friend, Toby Matthew, "It is a book that will live, and be a citizen of the world, as English books are not." It was at a time too when he was still in great disgrace, and when the acknowledgment of the authorship of the plays, if his, would have raised him again into the highest favour, as King James had spoken in admiration of them, and wrote Shakspeare an autograph letter of approval, which letter was seen by many. This would have been a golden opportunity of re-instating himself with the Court, and friends, with no one to contradict him, if the fact were true, as Shakspeare had been dead seven years. The plea put forward by his advocates that he did not wish his puritan mother to know that he was a play-writer no longer had any value. But Bacon could not, and never did, in any shape or form make claim to any of Shakspeare's writings, and so no dishonourable stain rests on his memory in connection with the dead dramatist. A private memorandum book of Bacon's has been preserved, in which he made notes of matters occupying his thoughts during a portion of a long vacation, but there is no mention of things theatrical in it. He wrote his most important work, the "Novum Organum," and all

those that he most valued in Latin, and translated his English books, or had them translated into Latin also, in order that their existence might be assured amongst scholars.

What a terrible thing it is for the Baconians to realize that all the abuse which clever critics have showered upon poor Shakspeare for his numerous errors in geography, and classical scholarship, must now be put to the discredit of Bacon! Extracts given from Shakspeare's works proving that he was no scholar, as the term was then understood, have now to stand against Bacon, who was supposed to be one of the most learned men of the age. What a dilemma! How is it to be overcome? Of course Bacon had his faults even as a thinker. He failed to see that Copernicus, Kepler, or Galileo, were right in considering the sun as the centre of our solar system. But this was owing to his method of reasoning from facts, and not from theories. In this he had the prudence of many great scientists before and at his day, who looked for proofs before believing. Not one of those great astronomers could in his time give that proof. It came later, and through other discoveries. He is also charged with paying little attention to Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, Gilbert's researches in magnetism, or Napier's invention of logarithms. Now all this is very strange in one whose sole desire

seemed to be the propagation of knowledge. He was very great for all that. But his greatness lay in serious studies. His life, apart from the duties connected with his high state functions, was devoted to the carrying out of his special ideas. We can mark his mind by his books, which flowed in a quiet but a continuous stream to the end of his life. We can follow all that he did, for it was open to the world. One of his advocates says, "however great may be the mystery surrounding Shakspeare's life that surrounding the life of Bacon is greater." In the face of what we know of Bacon's habits, industries, and daily life, it is almost inconceivable that any one with this knowledge could make such a rash statement. Yet this is mild in comparison with other remarks made by these so-called lovers of truth. This same writer considered that there was an "absence of any adequate literary production during the first 45 years of Bacon's life." Of course the writer may be disappointed in the results of Bacon's literary activity during this period, but we know how he was employed during the time. There is no mystery about it whatever. Apart from his Parliamentary duties, which were active, he was busy writing about the controversies of the Church; discourses in praise of the Queen; the praise of knowledge; observations on an important libel; the issue of the famous Essays; his

two books on the advancement of learning; all works of standard merit and fame, and all written by the time he reached the age of 45. If Bacon is to be considered only as a literary man, with no other occupation, the output might be considered small, but we know differently. Surely we expect too much from an active politician, who was also significantly worldly, seeking power, and preferment, if we are dissatisfied with the outcome of his literary leisure. The same writer has a complaint against the author of the plays which is very curious. He admits that they show a profound knowledge of languages, of literature, of philosophy, of history, of law, of medical practice, etc. He says it is contrary to reason and experience that such a writer wrote nothing else but plays, and he proudly asks where are Shakspeare's prose writings? Why should there be anything more required? The plays are sufficient, and contain all that can be reasonably expected from one mind. Our point is that Shakspeare besides his few, but great poems, wrote plays because his life was spent on the stage, and he devoted his genius to work which he knew most about, and loved the most.

Bacon instances, as faults of intellect, "facility to believe," "seeking things in words." I commend these remarks to the disciples or writers who, like "Will-o'-the-Wisps," lead their readers

into wild labyrinths, and there leave them. In 1625 Bacon published a new edition of his *Essays* of 1612, in which were added 19 new *Essays*. There were other of his writings of this time but published after his death. His mind was very active, but his thoughts were of a serious, philosophical kind, quite in keeping with the bent of his studies, during all his life. His great work, "*De Augmentis*," was published in 1623, the year when the first folio was issued to the world. It is well to remember that his chief works were written in Latin for choice, so that his writings might appeal particularly to the learned ones abroad, whose good opinions he was always anxious to obtain. If Bacon bequeathed his works to posterity, it was because he thought the Latin tongue would be the common language for all time for high literature, and to that he always looked for his ultimate fame, as he felt sure of their value. A dramatist thinks only of the present. He seeks appreciation, and support, for his writings while he is on the scene. Future fame troubles not his mind. Considering Bacon's real love of Monarchy and his desire to be well in favour with King James, it seems singular that Sir Edwin should accept the opinion of Mrs. Hinton Stewart that the tragedy of "*Troilus and Cressida*" was a satire upon the Court of King James, for if so, it is a clear proof that Bacon could not have written it,

as he was very obsequious to the king, and supported him in all his quarrels with Parliament. Bacon was too much of a time-server even to think of such an unprofitable thing as a satire on the Court.

Sir Edwin says that the plays "evinced the ripest scholarship." Shakspeareans will be glad to have such testimony, though the statement is not new, but scholarship alone does not give that life to the Drama which centuries have proved Shakspeare's plays to possess. Ben Jonson wrote great plays, and he was a prime scholar, but practically his plays have passed from the stage.

In reviewing the characteristics of Bacon mention may be made that the term "Gentle Will" signalised Shakspeare amongst his friends, but such a term could never be applied to Bacon, who was strong in his hatreds and jealousies, for proofs of which we have only to mention the names of Coke and Essex. As regards his treatment of the latter, the strongest language in condemnation of his conduct has been applied to him, even after a fair consideration of the pleas put forward by himself in his defence of his actions. Professor Skemp, though giving full praise for his parliamentary consistency, calls him a traitor to the highest laws, "the laws of honour, of pity, of love," sacred laws by which he stands condemned.

Very much is made of the fact that many of

Bacon's friends and admirers, like Shelley, regarded him as a great poet, capable of course of writing such a work as "Venus and Adonis," which it is assumed came from his pen. I need not pause on this matter, as the plea of proficiency is not accepted by many writers and its discussion would lead to more unnecessary controversy. Sir Edwin in offering to his readers the fact that Shelley praises Bacon as a poet says; "Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense no less than the almost super-human wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect," and more to the same effect. Would not anyone suppose that he was referring to Bacon's poetical works? But Shelley is not doing so. He is speaking of the poetry in Bacon's prose as having the poetic quality he is praising, linking with him in this respect Plato. They are philosopher poets, whilst he names the great poets Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton as also being among the greatest philosophers. In other words Shelley's praise is used figuratively. Professor Skemp, referring to this question says, "The translation of certain psalms into English verse, written during his (Bacon's) illness, in 1624, and published in 1625, with a dedication to his "very good friend, Mr. George Herbert," deserves mention only as a final proof for those perverse enough to need it, that Bacon could not con-

ceivably have written any of Shakspeare's verse." It may be very easily said that Bacon could write verse, a very common form of composition with most educated people, and though in his pamphlet Sir Edwin quotes with appreciation Shelley's words of praise they have nothing to do with this controversy, which is narrowed down to who wrote the Shakspeare Plays. He also quotes other names who have no weight at all as literary critics, except Lord Houghton, whose exact words do not transpire, and John Davies of Hereford, a friend of Bacon and who wrote in 1610. His quotation is:—

" As to her *Bellamour* the *Muse* is wont
For thou dost her embosom and dost use
Her company for sport 'twixt grave affairs."

Here was an opportunity for the poet to refer to, or even hint, at his friend's wonderful genius as a playwright, but not a word. The same poet is mentioned in Dr. Beeching's "Shakspeare" as making, however, special mention of Shakspeare and Burbage, whom he evidently knew. I give the lines as printed:—

" Players, I love ye and your quality,
As ye are men—that pastime not abused;—
W.S., R.B. And some I love for painting, poesy;
And say fell fortune cannot be excused
That hath for better uses you refused.
Wit, courage, good shape, good parts, and all good
(As long as all these *goods* are no worse used);
And though the stage doth stain pure gentle blood,
Yet *generous* ye are in mind and mood."

“Burbage is the painter, Shakspeare the poet, thus the epigram identifies the poet and the player.”

Bacon was not emotional, he could not have written of love as a passion in all its phases as Shakspeare did. He never grasped its significance, its emotional side. It was beyond him. He married late in life, and that was mainly for money, as he himself confessed. The glowing passion thrown into the sonnets, is totally opposite to what he ever felt, or judging by his writings, was capable of feeling. Of course Sir Edwin gladly gives the names of writers in Bacon's day, or a little after, giving him the greatest praise as a poet, yet he admits that nothing of poetical importance by him had at that time been published. The praise bestowed on Bacon is made to point to the fact, or assumption rather, that all his admirers must have known of his great achievements in the realms of dramatic poetry, but praise of a living writer especially of such an eminent man as Bacon, might mean nothing more than flattery. Here again there springs up an unwarrantable inference on the part of Sir Edwin and his supporters. He says that the Shakspeare myth, as he terms it, was mortally wounded by Sir Sidney Lee's use of “must have been,” and other phrases of similar import in his “Life of Shakspeare.” As he objects to probabilities, we

naturally expect that he will offer us nothing as regards Bacon's suspected authorship of the plays, but what can be really proved, real facts which no one can dispute, and the placing before us of unquestionable documents, or evidence in support of his views, but we get nothing only surmises or arguments based on sayings, or expressions, the common property of all literary men of that time. It is a pity that so much time is wasted in guesses when a plain unvarnished statement of fact showing Bacon as the playwright, would put an end for ever to this at present vicious dispute. The world is waiting: Baconians produce your proofs. *The Illustrated London News* of the 27th July, 1912, gives the last of the articles contributed to it by the late Mr. Andrew Lang. In one of the paragraphs he writes:—

“It is a digression but perhaps the funniest thing I ever read in print was the statement of a learned person that Francis Bacon probably wrote his *Henry 7th* (not a bad book at all) as information for Shakspeare who was to write a play on Henry 7th, but Will never wrote it. And I don't wonder at it.”

SHAKSPEARE'S PORTRAIT.

It is strange how Sir Edwin is moved by the Droeshout portrait of Shakspeare, and yet speaks without disapproval of the bust of Ben Jonson in Westminster Abbey, where the sculptor clothes him in a left-handed coat, and then there follow a few lines from Stowe which make light of the mistake :—

O, rare Ben Jonson—what a turncoat grown !
Thou ne'er wast such, till clad in stone ;
Then let not this disturb thy sprite,
Another age shall set thy buttons right.

This reference is appropriate here, because Sir Edwin builds up long arguments against the Droeshout picture of Shakspeare which fronts the title page of the first folio. He says that Shakspeare is dressed in a trick coat, and condemns the artist very vigorously for the blunder, but at the same time works out a seeming motive for the mistake. Of course another mystery connected with, let us say, the phantom Bacon. Ben Jonson's lines on the portrait, which Sir Edwin imagines Jonson never saw, are these :—

“ This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the Graver had a strife,
With Nature, to outdo the life :

O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face, the paint would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brass.
But, since he cannot, Reader look
Not on his picture but his book."

Language plain and the meaning very clear surely, but Sir Edwin says that the meaning attached to these words by everybody up to his time has all along been wrong. He says in fact that the seeming extravagant praise is all satirical; that Jonson wrote what he didn't mean; that he had a double meaning in all he said; in other words, that he lied; was laughing in his sleeve at the deception he was putting upon the public. Whatever may be the fault in the artist's picture of the poet it was cut for "gentle Shakspeare" all the same, and Jonson deems it a good likeness, and he was intimate with the man. The artist may not have drawn him well; may have dressed him wrongly. These faults are his, if faults they be, not Shakspeare's. If he has failed to give that expression to the features which we naturally look for in a portrait of a man of genius, it does not necessarily condemn its truthfulness as a likeness. But Jonson was satisfied with its correctness, and even supposing it not to be a good reflection of the poet's face, it is not the "putty" face which Sir Edwin considers it to be. Though the tunic is like that of the kind worn by Bacon,

the Droeshout picture of the dramatist is certainly not that of Bacon. The language of Jonson has reference to the portrait given in the folio of 1623, and cannot be put aside in the 20th century by any misreading or frivolous misconstruction. Sir Edwin gives his own version of what he says Jonson really meant which is contrary to the clear thought and language of the poet, and casts a grave and unjustifiable stain upon the sincerity of Shakspeare's friend, and that friend's moral greatness. But happily for a sane world, and the poet's honour, Jonson's tribute to Shakspeare in the magnificent poem to the "Memory of my beloved, the Author," puts an end to Sir Edwin's ridiculous interpretation. If Sir Edwin's test of authorship rests on portraits, let me point out that there is another portrait of Shakspeare, bearing the date of 1609, which has been added to the Memorial Gallery by Mrs. Charles Flower, after having been submitted to Mr. Lionel Cust of the National Portrait Gallery, and Mr. Colvin, as also the Society of Antiquaries. Mr. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Oules, R.A., considered it must have been painted from life, and in no ways as painted from the Droeshout engraving. As regards the Droeshout picture Sir Edwin regards it as a "left-hand," a dummy, a pseudonym behind which the great author (Bacon) was concealed, and then goes on, but with what easy

assurance, to say "this fact disposes once and for all of the Shakspeare myth." It really takes one's breath away. Readers will marvel that any writer on matters of such great importance to the literary world, or even as a question of justice to others, can so readily dismiss all contrary evidence. The slightest thing is seized upon to bolster up a theory which in itself is unwarranted and contemptible. If any one considers how valuable is time to a man of mind, its waste is a crime. We are led on to weigh the worth of ideas put forth to sustain certain hypotheses, only to find that what should be facts for our consideration are the wildest of surmises. The intellect plays false with many a man, but a deliberate attempt to mystify us, and at the same time injure the fair fame, and name, of the noblest poet that England has ever produced, should receive a condemnation of the severest kind. We are not to be led by mental blindness, and this alone is the quality of these persistent men who without real argument, or reason, go wandering on in the swamps of illusion. Sir Edwin throws discredit upon the picture in the folio as being that of Shakspeare and says none exists. What about that over his tomb. That may or may not be a good likeness, of that we cannot judge with certainty, but we have something to remind us of the man, and it is no modern bust.

Sir Edwin attaches great importance to the scribbling on the outside cover of a collection of manuscripts in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, which were discovered at his London House in 1867. Some of these MS. he says were certainly written by Bacon; the first of them for a Masque for Court Revels. It is the cover which is the Mystery Page of name jottings, and titles of plays, and has the appearance of many a scholar's exercise book where the same words and phrases are written over and over again. It is curious too on account of the frequency with which the names of Francis Bacon and William Shakspeare are given. There are plenty of other names and Latin and English quotations all jumbled up, as if the writer were just amusing himself in trying to write, with special neatness, what crossed his memory. Names are begun and left unfinished. Others are repeated upside down. Many attempts are made to spell our great bard's name with variations. Some of the lines seem hints for speeches, to be given by sundry lords in the Masque, or references to refresh the memory of what had taken place. It is an enigma, but not to Sir Edwin, who finds in it that the writer whoever he was regarded Shakspeare as another name for Bacon. Here too we find written the word "Honorificabilitudine," a portion of that dreadful word, the ancient school-

boy's puzzle mentioned by Costard in "Love's Labour's Lost," which Sir Edwin maintains gives us the Masonic number 287 which clearly proves Bacon to be the author of the plays. These scribblings, for they are nothing more, form in Sir Edwin's view another revelation in support of his theory. He again repeats the statement that "Love's Labour's Lost," published in 1598, was the first play to which the poet attached his name, and that the name was spelled Shakspeare on the title-page. There is nothing in this argument at all. If he will turn to the letter in the same edition in which the poet dedicates the work to his friend, the Earl of Southampton, he will find that the writer subscribes himself as William Shakspeare. So here the valuable proof of name-testing falls to the ground. But Sir Edwin says that Bacon signed the plays, and this he seeks to prove by a form of reasoning delicious in its absurdity. He says the first folio in its divisions of comedies, histories, and tragedies, has a repetition in consequence of the page 53 being repeated three times, and that the author had so arranged things that he knew in what column, and in what line in such column, every word would appear in the printed page. It would take too long to repeat all he says on this matter, but suffice it that on the first page 53 we find with a large capital the word "Bacon." On the second 53rd page we

again find bacon mentioned with other articles of consumption. But here arises a curious thing, the page is wrongly printed, as pages 47 and 48 do not exist. This he contends was intentionally done by instructions to the printers! Then for the third of the pages 53 he asks us to remember "that a Baconian revelation in order to be complete, satisfactory, and certain, requires to be repeated three times." This is very mysterious, but nothing to what follows. The third page he confesses to find nothing on which to lay hold in support of his views, and says quite affably we must not expect to do so on a *visible* page, and so by a peculiar twist of reasoning we are referred to the 53rd page from the *end* of the book. The last page in the folio is numbered 399. This is falsely numbered 993. This misprint he contends is also intentional, as it means, according to an authority quoted, "Baconus," a signature used by Bacon. But the matter does not end here. We are again told that the last page is 399, from which we are to deduct 53, and then we obtain 346, the number which is the page from the end of the book. On this page 346 there is part of the tragedy of "Antony and Cleopatra," and by design the letters of the words Pompey, In, Got, come directly under each other. This is the word "Pig," which he confesses he was looking for. To what base uses (in argument) may we descend. Then

we are taken to other pages and lines where the word "Hog" is made to have a wonderful significance, and then we learn from other references that "Hang-hog is Bacon" gives a shibboleth, and the author assures us in order to retain our interest in his discoveries, that "there are no misprints or errors in the first folio of 1623, because the great author was alive, and most carefully arranged every column in every page, and every word in every column, so that we should find every word exactly where we did find such particular word." Good gracious! What a task the author (alive of course) must have given himself. What a terrible amount of work and arrangement with the printers he must have suffered, in order to hide his identity from the world, and his name jestingly degraded. Poor Bacon. His "left hand" being dead, all this to fall on his own shoulders, and all this drudgery too when he was bringing out his great work "De Augmentis." If ever Bacon deserved our pity for Herculean toil, now is the time to show it. Then Sir Edwin goes on to say that there are 36 plays in the first folio, and this is not accidental, for "36" is a cabalistic number, and is used in several of Bacon's works when he refers to the stage or plays. Should Bacon mention the word "stage" or "plays," off goes our author again on a fresh hunt through the folio until he succeeds in

finding a meaning which satisfies him in sustaining the theory he has adopted. Even Florio is brought in to help still further the conspiracy of bewilderment, because it is found that on page 53, in one of his books published in 1591, that he makes reference to a slice of bacon, and a gammon of the same. How wonderful it is that the words required may be also found on the page required, in another work of Bacon's published in Latin and French at Antwerp in 1592, in which there is a picture which Sir Edwin analyses and with curious ingenuity makes it have a reference to plays, and inferentially to "As You Like It." There are still more pointings out of mispagination given, of course done he maintains not as printer's errors, which any one else would suppose to be the reason, but for the purpose of directing attention to words which have a revelation in them because they are on certain pages numbered 53. Dear me.

As showing the curious working of Sir Edwin's mind and how easily he is impressed by resemblances he quotes Bacon as giving in his last prayer and in his Henry 7th history the word "weed," and as this word is found in the 76th sonnet, and in the same sense therefore Bacon must have written the sonnets! As Domine Sampson would have said, "Prodigious"!

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

“We owe our mighty English tongue of to-day to Francis Bacon, and to Francis Bacon alone,” so writes Sir Edwin in his own positive way. This opinion has its limits. Of course he is assuming that Shakspeare and Bacon are one. The playwright is undoubtedly the superior as a writer of English, but he was not Bacon. For all Bacon’s efforts to give pure English, to ennoble our language, his great works, as has been noted, were in Latin, the language of scholars then, and which he believed to be the only vehicle for the preservation of language and thought, so that whatever might have been the nobleness of his design he purposely narrowed it in effect. Sir Edwin quotes Max Müller as stating that Shakspeare “probably displayed a greater variety of expression than any other writer in any language,” but this only confirms Sir Edwin in his opinion that Bacon is really meant, and goes even further in his hero-worship in saying, that Bacon and only he could have written the preface to the Bible, which was placed be it remembered in the hands of 48 translators who were responsible for the authorised translation; and strengthens himself

in this opinion by giving the words of Archdeacon Westcott, who in reference to the revised version of 1881 said the revisers "were men of notable learning, and singular industry. There were far too many of them, and successful literary results cannot be achieved by Syndicates." Therefore he assumes that it must have been the same when the 48 translators of the Authorised Version undertook their task, and submitted themselves as regards the English language to the dominating mind of Francis Bacon. He says, "thus Bacon worked; thus his books under all sorts of pseudonyms appeared; no book of the Elizabethan age of any value proceeded from any source except from his workshop of those 'good pens' over whom Ben Jonson was foreman." All this must have occurred when Bacon was exceedingly prominent in Parliamentary matters, when his mind was continually affected by politics, which were to him of vast importance; when he was in high position in the State; when he was busy with his philosophical books—in the Latin tongue; writing some of his great essays; advisor to the King in his various disputes with Parliament; and altogether working hard in the formation of books which were in his opinion destined to give him fame in the "next age and foreign nations." There is again ample testimony existing of Bacon's eloquence as a speaker, and his clearness

as a writer of good English. Considering the vast amount of information which one can obtain as regards Bacon's life studies, and writings, there should be no difficulty in obtaining proofs of all his literary achievements without dealing with "probabilities." With all his influence on our language he did not display it in plays, to which form of literature his mind had but little inclination, or time for its cultivation, in his maturer years. His scrupulous care in collecting matter suitable for his speeches or writings was great. He had all the student's spirit in seizing upon points for further use. Ben Jonson pays a high tribute to him for his style of oratory and says no man ever spoke more neatly or wittily, always influencing his hearers, so that they wished not to lose a word that he uttered. Jonson delighted to praise him, and he knew him well. But he never gives a hint that he was greater than the world knew, on account of the wonderful plays. Now was the time for discovery; that time was necessarily allowed to pass, and truth had nothing to complain of. What lustre to add to his friend's name, could he have proclaimed to a wondering world, that the accomplished Bacon was also the greatest poet and dramatist of his day. He might have anticipated the eulogistic praises of modern Baconians and used words of precision like those used by Dr. Whewell, the historian of the "Induc-

tive Sciences," who in writing of the illustrious Friar of the 13th century, of the same name, said it was "difficult to conceive how such a character could then exist," and referring to the Friar's great work, the "Opus Majus," declared "I regard the existence of such a work at that period as a problem that has never yet been solved." He too, like Francis Bacon, delighted in experimental philosophy, and fame gives him credit, among other discoveries, of that of the telescope, microscope, gunpowder, and even the phonograph. Honour will always be given to those whose merits deserve it. On the merits of Francis Bacon as a playwright the world is silent, a silence that will never now be broken. Those who have spoken definitely on the subject have passed away, but they never showed any desire to give to one man the credit due to another.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIOGRAPHY.

Let us now come more closely to the facts about the poet's life. In order to prepare men's minds for further rash statements connected with the life of Shakspeare the sapient writers of the new Baconian theory more than suggest that his father was an illiterate man. And this statement is repeated, *ad nauseam*, as if it were undeniably true. There is no proof of the truth of this conjecture, nor if true would it affect Shakspeare's own claim as the writer of the plays. When Shakspeare was born his father was a prominent well-to-do man at Stratford. He served many offices in the government of the town, becoming at last High Bailiff of the Borough, or in other words, its Mayor. There is a Corporation deed existing of the Town Council of Stratford in which his name is written by himself. Some say that the mark made against the next name should have been placed against his. But this matters little. Out of 19 Councillors only 7 wrote their own names, the rest gave their signs manual, and these signs were special marks which the writers always gave, many of these indicating their business occupations. Though education might not be a special



feature with any of these worthy men, yet to consider them unable to write their names because they preferred the customary, easier way of making their marks is to betray an ignorance of the manners and customs of the people of those days. Shakspeare's father is known to have audited the complicated accounts of the Corporation, and to assume that a man selected to hold the high offices he held was uneducated, is to argue against common sense. The indifference to writing at all amongst the people of that time was no doubt great, but considering that the townspeople made a selection from amongst themselves for the position of Councillors, and as these men were also men of business, it would be wiser to consider them as fairly educated men, rather than accept statements to the contrary without the necessary proof. At all events, John Shakspeare was the father of William Shakspeare, the renowned poet and dramatist. We need not fear to make the deepest scrutiny into William's life-story. We all regret that we know so little of it, but we know enough to establish his identity and trace his career. He was born in 1564, and was, as we have seen, the son of a well-to-do and honoured man, and not a "clown," as stated by Sir Edwin and other slanderers. Four years later his father was at the head of affairs, and still prosperous. There can be no doubt whatever,

considering that education at the Stratford Grammar School was free, that William would soon be one of its scholars. There he learned Latin as a matter of course, and he uses up some of the material of school study in his "Love's Labour's Lost." Whatever else he may have learned, it is evident that Ovid was one of his favourite authors, as when he published his poem, "Venus and Adonis," in 1593, he chose a couplet from that writer as a motto for his book. Ovid's work, from which the lines were taken, did not exist in English then. This poem was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, whose friendship he never lost. At this time he held a prominent position as an actor in the Lord Chamberlain's Company which, perhaps through his talents, soon became so important by the successive plays which he produced. We can follow with exactness the growth of the poet's mind, a growth as regards the drama in which he held under contribution all the thought, wisdom, and experience of many ages. Independent of his literary efforts he must have soon risen high in his profession. In March, 1594, when he was 30 years old, he played in two comedies before Queen Elizabeth and was paid for his services, as shown in the accounts, his name being mentioned with those of William Kempe and Richard Burbage, the former being the greatest comedian, the latter the greatest tragedian

of the time. Two years even before this Shakspeare was mentioned by Chettle in a pamphlet as "excellent in the quality he professes" ("quality" then being synonymous with calling, or business). Aubrey is not an authority I care to quote from, but in the sense that his gossip offers testimony to Shakspeare's personality, and the man as he lived, I here give it. "This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about 18, and was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceedingly well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit. He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. The constable in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Much Ado about Nothing?) he happened to take at Grendon in Bucks., which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642 when I first came to Oxon." "He was wont to go to his native county once a year." "His comedies will remain witty as long as the English tongue is understood." "He understood Latin pretty well." Aubrey little guessed how valuable these jottings would become in the 20th century when fact is replaced by fiction.

From the nature of his profession, and from the numerous plays which he wrote for the stage,

Shakspeare must have found little time for what is called "the pleasures of the world." There has never been a man so much written about, and as a consequence we know how his 'prentice hand as a dramatist worked on many of the old plays, altering them, or re-writing them. This is shown in "Henry 4th and 5th," "Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Richard the 3rd," and "King John."

It was not to the interest of any theatre that the plays should be published, and this must be an answer to all those critics who wonder why Shakspeare did not publish his plays. Commercially speaking it would not have been wise to part with the theatre's rights, and thus put into the hands of competitors property which was their stock-in-trade. It was audiences they coveted, and in Shakspeare's day the theatre became a fashionable place of resort, and he had many friends. He was a member of the celebrated Mermaid Club, which had for members such celebrities as Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Sir Walter Raleigh, Donne, Cotton, Carew, and others. Wit combats, we are told by Beaumont, took place between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson.

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if from every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

And this Shakspeare was the actor, the poet, the friend in particular of Ben Jonson, the great dramatist, and godfather to one of Jonson's children. It was also the same Shakspeare who died at Stratford in 1616. How could an "illiterate clown" have got into such a great and select club? Was Bacon there? There is no mention of him at all. The Mermaid Club has been sung in glowing language by Keats, Watts-Dunton, and Alfred Noyes, writers of modern days, and what was their special note of praise and inspiration? The presence of Shakspeare; the Shakspeare we have all loved. Fuller has recorded the tradition of the wit combats at the Mermaid Tavern between Shakspeare and Jonson, comparing the former to an English man-of-war light in sailing, the latter to a solid and slow Spanish Galleon.

AS PLAYWRIGHT.

As a playwright Shakspeare seems to have studied all available literature for his subjects, and many old plays for his plots. But humanity was his greatest study, and no poet has been more successful in giving us types, and characters, who breathe so much of actual life. Just imagine the grave, philosophic Bacon writing the induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," where names and scenes from Warwickshire life are so freely mentioned; the humours of the jovial crew which crowds the tavern in East-cheap, kept by Mrs. Quickly, the gaiety and language of Autolycus in "The Winter's Tale."

It seems a pity to have to go over old ground in defence of Shakspeare's identity, but evidently it is a necessity to point out what his contemporaries thought of him. His talents must have been soon recognised. When the great poet Spenser wrote his "Thalia" in 1591, Shakspeare was then only in his 27th year, but his absence from the stage (perhaps busy with his "Venus and Adonis") evoked the following regret, published in his "Tears of the Muses."

“ Our pleasant Willy ah! is dead of late ”
“ But, that some gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell
Than so himself to mockery to sell.”

A year later Greene in his “ Groatsworth of Wit,” after venting his fury against some of the players, gives special warning to his friends against Shakspeare, whom he terms as an “ upstart Crow,” on account of his altering and adapting his, and other plays for the stage. But the man who published Greene’s tract, Chettle, published afterwards a book of his own called “ Kind-Heart’s Dream,” in which he apologises for publishing Greene’s remarks about Shakspeare. His testimony about our great bard is so strong, and pointed, and instructive too, that I cannot refrain from quoting what he said. Greene had named another actor in his censure, but speaking of Shakspeare Chettle says : “ the other I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality (actor) he professes, besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in the writing that proves his art.” It is the same Chettle who in 1603, the year of Queen Elizabeth’s death, addressed Shakspeare under the

name of Melicert, and spoke of his neglecting to pay some poetical tribute to her memory :—

“ Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
Drop from his honeyed Muse one subtle tear,
And mourn her death that, granted his desert,
And to his lays opened her Royal ear.
Shepherd remember our *Elizabeth*
And sing her rape, done by that Tarquin Death.”

Criticism of Shakspeare's right to authorship takes curious turns. Sir Edwin quotes with pleasure the opinions of two writers who bar Shakspeare's claim, because “ We are not quite sure of the identity of Shakspeare's father; we are by no means certain of the identity of his wife; we do not know whether he ever went to school.” I give these quotations so that the reader may see what puerile reasonings are offered against facts. How commonplace after all is the whole fabric of assertion against the proved history of the poet-playwright. Sir Edwin repeats the statement that no letter to Shakspeare exists excepting one asking for a loan of £30, and he quotes with relish Mark Twain's views about Shakspeare, repeating the usual rigmarole, that some Americans delight in, about Shakspeare being a man of small consequence, and forgotten before he was cold in his grave. His townsmen's indifference is a small matter, if true, which I don't believe, but the monument to their great citizen was erected within seven years of his death, and

countless Americans, with the usual amount of brains presumably of the race, go annually to see it and worship at the Stratford player's shrine, knowing that the monument is not a belated tribute to his great memory. It is really a great pity that our "Will" was so gentle, so modest, that he did not know how great he was, and told his friends of the fact and the world at large in a spun-out biography, like that of Pepys, so that the American humourist might have been saved the silly remark that "Shakspeare hadn't any history to tell." It may be very well to the American mind to bow slavishly to Delia Bacon, or Donnelly, but it is unworthy of an Englishman to be swayed by their ridiculous and oft-criticised vapourings. Sir Edwin thinks otherwise. He seizes upon any statement which can cast discredit upon the Stratford worthy, and fails to see that the discredit is thrown upon his own mental acuteness by writing of the "illiterate clown of Stratford, who was unable to write a single letter of his name, and of whom we are told if we understand what we are told, that he could not read a line of print. No book was found in his house, and neither of his daughters could either read or write." Who told Sir Edwin all these wonderful things? If he believes them why hide his authorities. Nevertheless he will have the satisfaction—how melancholy it is—of deceiving many who for

their authority will point to his book as a sort of gospel. It is thus that error lives.

In his usual style of writing Sir Edwin continues his remarks, and says it is doubtful if at that period it was possible to discover a meaner disguise, and more despised wit than the pseudonym of William Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon, gentleman. By whom and for what reason was he despised? Such a remark is, historically, totally unwarranted, and is of so conceited and prejudiced a character as to reduce the value of any advocate's statements.

It is one of the pet arguments of the Baconians that whereas nothing exists of the writing of Shakspeare, yet that every scrap of paper written on by Bacon has been preserved. Is it not then very strange that nothing preserved to the world of Bacon's writings make any reference whatever, directly or indirectly, to the plays? Sir Edwin thinks such evidence exists. In a note-book of Bacon, preserved in the British Museum, he finds these words: "Tragedies and Comedies are made of one alphabet." He says that Bacon's beautiful prayer described as the form and rule of our alphabet was first published in 1679. "In certain genuine rules of Sir Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, and Viscount St. Albans," where it appears as a fragment of a book written by the Lord Verulam and entitled "The Alphabet of

Nature." In the preface we are told that this work is commonly said to be lost. The Alphabet of Nature, says Sir Edwin, without the least doubt or hesitation, is of course "The Immortal Plays," known to us as Shakspeare's; which hold the mirror up to Nature, are now no longer lost, but restored to their great author Francis Bacon." Here is assumption indeed, and who can contradict him and show up the work referred to in the preface? But let the prayer speak for itself, and show if possible what grounds there are for Sir Edwin's wonderful clues.

"This is the form and rule of our Alphabet. May God the Creator, Preserver and Renewer of the Universe protect and govern this work both in its *Ascent* to His glory, and in its *descent* to the good of mankind, for the sake of His mercy and goodwill to many through His only Son (Immanuel) God with us."

Truly Sir Edwin has made a wonderful discovery. Is there any other man who could read these words and find out their true meaning as he has done?

Here we have a philosopher like Bacon, whose greatest aim in his intellectual life was to spread knowledge, and help mankind by instruction of the sciences, and no doubt seeking by prayer to gain the aid of Heaven in his efforts, yet addres-

sing his Maker according to this new theory in behalf of his book of plays, comedies and tragedies which were given in the theatres of London and elsewhere. Without making any examination here into the nature of the plots and speeches in the plays who ever dreamt of a playwright, no matter how religious he might be, thus invoking a blessing on such works, and this, years after they had all been given in the play-houses. The more religious a man is the less he cares for worldly entertainments. At all events his plays would be more religious in character than these are, and he would have sought his heroes in Biblical history, rather than in Plutarch, or Holinshed.

It will be remembered that Shakspeare is said to have left Stratford if not exactly for stealing deer at least for some offence against Sir Thomas Lucy, and so to avoid serious trouble went away to London. There must have been some strong antipathy against Sir Thomas perhaps for his oppressive measures on behalf of the government, because Shakspeare has gibbeted him for ever in biting satire as Justice Shallow in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Now Sir Thomas Lucy and Bacon were friends and correspondents, can it be imagined that he would so injure his friend as to censure him so unmistakably on the stage of a London play-house? What a friendship that

would have been ! Bacon's policy we know was of another kind altogether. Time works wonders truly, for Shakspeare's bust stands prominently now in the hall of the Charlecotte mansion, giving honour where least deserved.

POEMS AND FOLIO.

It is very interesting to note that Shakspeare's poem of "Venus and Adonis" was published by him when he was 29 years of age, and printed by Richard Field who was a townsman of his, and being about the same age was presumably one of his schoolfellows. He was the son of Henry Field, Tanner, and curiously enough, it was Shakspeare's father who made the inventory of Henry's property the previous year. The same Richard also published the poet's "Rape of Lucrece" in 1594. Now both these poems were dedicated to the youthful Earl of Southampton, who from a patron, became the friend of Shakspeare, as is shown clearly enough in a letter which the Earl, long afterwards, wrote to the Chancellor Ellesmere in which he calls Shakspeare "my especial friend" and as "a writer of the best plays singularly liked by Queen Elizabeth." The sonnets written between 1592 and 1609 were not published until the latter year and that piratically, but ample testimony exists that they were well known to his friends, who understood their purport better than we are able to do. A few of them had been published, piratically again, in a collection of poems by different authors

but which, as showing the influence of Shakspeare's name, were described as all written by him. Many of Shakspeare's plays were published without his consent, some without his name, and from imperfect or stolen copies, but the great folio edition of 1623 gave us a standard collection, though not perfect, which enables us to study the mind of this great genius. In Shakspeare's will he makes kindly bequests to three of his fellow-actors, Richard Burbage, John Heminge, and Henry Condell. The two latter became his literary executors, and collected together 36 plays which form the first folio. Blount and Jaggard, the printers of the folio, became also the proprietors, as shown by the entry in the Stationer's Registries in which they claim "Mr. William Shakspeer's Comedyes, Histories and Tragedyes soe many of said copies as are not formerly entered to other men." This remark refers of course to the quarto editions published during the previous 25 years. Burbage, Heminge and Condell were eminent as fellow-actors with Shakspeare, and in the same company. This first folio is dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery. In the address by Heminge and Condell they say: "It had been a thing we confess worthy to have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings." And again referring to their own labours, "and so

to have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed, by the brands and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs." "His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." What testimony more is needed than this that their fellow-worker on the stage and intimate friend, Shakspeare, was the author of the plays. They speak of his death. The folio was published seven years after the author's decease—happy inspiration—but Bacon was alive for three years after its publication. No one ever took exception to Shakspeare's, or rather his friends' claim, that to him alone belongs the credit for the plays. But what greater testimony can we need than that given by Ben Jonson in the poem which follows the preface of this great volume. His praise was significant then, but ought to be more so now when so many misguided minds shelter their ignorance in doubt.

"Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room,
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give."

And then he continues in splendid words of praise to compare him to many of the great ancient poets, and concludes majestically in the following lines :

“ Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our Water yet appear
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc’d, and made a Constellation there !
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which since thy flight from hence, hath mourn’d like Night
And despairs day, but for thy volumes light.”

What nobility of thought and language live in this utterance from a rival dramatist ! It adds to Jonson’s fame while attesting the genius of his friend. Here is no halting praise, no half-hearted eulogium as if the poet’s glory had to be shared with anyone else. Bacon was still alive but never wrangled over Jonson’s wonderful apostrophe. Spenser, speaking of Shakspeare, says :—

“ Whose Muse full of high thought’s invention
Doth like himself heroically sound.”

What monarch could have greater praise. What clearer testimony does the world want to prove Shakspeare’s identity, and his loss, by death, to his personal and mourning friends. But there is another poetic attestation published in the same folio by Leonard Digges which is of value now. I give a portion of it :—

“ Shakspeare at length thy pious fellows give
 The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
 Thy tomb, thy name must; when that stone is rent,
 And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
 Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,
 When brass and marble fade shall make thee look
 Fresh to all ages; when posterity
 Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
 That is not Shakspeare's, every line, each verse
 Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.”

Milton, too, who was a boy when Shakspeare died, has also written for the second folio an epitaph on the dramatic poet. Words from one so eminent as a poet himself are worthy of repetition as showing that our indifference to the value of Shakspeare's genius was not that of his own day:—

“ What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones?
 The labour of an Age in piléd stones
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
 Under a starry-pointing pyramid!
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument,
 For whilst t'th'shame of slow endeavouring Art
 Thy easy numbers flow and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

How thankful we ought to be then to Heminge and Condell that they, ere it would be too late, took up the collecting of Shakspeare's plays. In

this folio will be found 18 plays which were never previously published. These are "The Tempest," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Measure for Measure," "The Comedy of Errors," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Twelfth Night," "The Winter's Tale," "King John," "Henry VI," Part I, "Henry VIII," "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens," "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Cymbeline." What a glorious series of plays to be added to those already in the hands of the theatre-loving people of the time. Besides these there are some included in the folio which are there in their perfected shape, but others, "Richard II" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" are considered inferior in the folio to the quartos, and it must be considered that for this reason alone the author must have been dead when the folio was published, and not interested in the work, which alas! we know he could not be. "Titus Andronicus" is not accepted by Shakspearean scholars as his, though printed originally in 1602.

Francis Meres is the first critic of Shakspeare that has appeared in print, and in his book "Palladis Tamia," or Wit's Treasury, published in 1598, makes mention of twelve of Shakspeare's plays which he had seen, and gives him the highest

praise. His testimony is valuable. He says: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latins, so Shakspeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." But above books of dramatic literature in our language the folio of 1623 takes the lead and for this we are indebted to Heminge and Condell. What with the disasters of the time, and the reign of puritanical ideas, we might have lost this treasure but for their timely aid, and it is pleasant to make the record that in the *Manchester City News* of the 18th July, 1896, there is a very interesting report of the unveiling of a bronze bust of Shakspeare in Aldermanbury Parish Churchyard, as a memorial to John Heminge and Henry Condell, personal friends of the poet and publishers of the great folio of 1623. They both belonged to this parish, and were buried in the church. Heminge was probably born at Shottery, near Stratford-on-Avon, about 1556. He had duties connected with the King's Company of Players, formerly known as the Lord Chamberlain's men, and he is said to be the original performer of the part of Falstaff. Both of these actors made comfortable fortunes through their connection with the stage. It may not be out of place here to record that on the 27th December, 1905, Sir Sidney Lee relates the finding in the muniment

room of the ancient House of the Duke of Rutland, a book of household expenses at Belvoir, kept by Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland, in which particulars are given of expenses incurred by the Earl in giving a commission to Mr. Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage, for the design of an armorial crest and motto. This is of special interest, for Burbage had some fame as a painter, and both men were evidently on friendly terms with the Earl. The date is 1613 when the dramatist had retired to Stratford. The fees for the work were paid in gold, the cost is stated, and both were rewarded with an equal amount. So we can judge by this incident how illiterate the "boor" of Stratford was considered. The same year, 1905, Sir Sidney Lee gives as that of the finding in the Public Record Office, by an American Professor, a legal document in which W. Shakspeare, Gentleman's name figures with many other plaintiff's in a Chancery suit of 1615. Shakspeare purchased his house at Stratford in 1597, and he is also assessed for a house in the Parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, in 1598. He had evidently been a prudent man, not squandering his fortune like his dramatic contemporaries.

SIGNATURES.

Sir Edwin has given, with some trouble to himself, great attention to the so-called signatures of Shakspeare in his will, and comes to the conclusion that Shakspeare had nothing to do with the signatures, as he was not able to read or write, and that they were written by law clerks. Be it so. The argument which he deduces from this falls to the ground from his own showing. He says that the law clerks of that period were in the habit of writing names in the body of legal documents, for and on behalf of the persons named, and that it was not the custom, as it is now, that a document must be signed by the person interested. At that time it was the *sealing* of the document which was necessary in order to make it legal. The matter is interesting but of no real importance in the Bacon-Shakspeare enquiry. There may not be one genuine signature existing, not even in the will, yet the latter was evidently a perfectly legal document, and all its provisions were duly carried out.

As Sir Edwin acknowledges the custom of that time in these matters, it is a poor argument to single out Shakspeare as being illiterate because

he simply conformed to the usual regulations. I wonder who wrote the name of William Shakespeare in Florio's translation of Montaigne which Sir William H. Bailey once told me he saw in the British Museum? Sir Edwin also mentions that the clerk who he supposes wrote Shakspeare's name in his will, wrote also the names of the witnesses, thus also proving the custom of the time, and he also remarks that the will is not stated to be signed but only "published": a very important change of practice. It has been pointed out that one of the few books which contain what may be a genuine autograph of Shakspeare is the Aldine copy of Ovid's metamorphoses, which is in the Bodleian Library, and has been subjected to the closest inspection by experts. The American critics—the name is too good for them—cannot forgive Shakspeare for allowing his name to be spelled in so many different ways. Of course the blame is put upon himself either to exclude him as a writer of the plays, as for instance when spelled Shakspere, or for his assumption of the spelling Shakspeare. In the publication of the two poems the spelling used is Shakspeare, and the other way Shakspere in the quarto of "Love's Labour's Lost," and in two reprinted quartos of the same year Shake-speare. The Shakspeare form is used in the list of actors

attached to Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour" in the folio of 1623, and in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber it is so spelled in 1594. It is so spelled in the purchase of the Blackfriars' property, and in that of New Place, Stratford. In the Stratford Courts of Record the spelling is unchangeably Shakspeare, and also in the first draft of the grant of the coat-of-arms in 1596. (Just think of a boor succeeding in getting a coat-of-arms!) The hyphen is found on the title-page of the pirated "Hamlet" of 1603, but disappears from the title-page of the authentic quarto of the following year. So it seems that Shakspeare did when necessary look after his interests. Now all these references to the name have been ascertained by scholars forced to this unnecessary trouble through the mischievous insinuations of the Baconians, who have tried, but in vain, to make it out that the Stratford man was not the same as the author, in other words, that Bacon used the name and always spelled it Shakspeare.

The great Sir Walter Raleigh spelled his name in five different ways, but we do not find anyone insane enough, as yet, to deny to him the authorship of his works on that account. These critics ought to know well that the spelling of names in the Tudor days was of little consequence, so that we are the more impressed to find that Shakspeare

stuck to one form consistently. I hope I may not lead some American Tyro in English history to make a new "discovery" or found a fresh heresy, in stating that in Westminster Abbey Jonson's name is given as Johnson.

MORE MODERN CRITICS.

Some years ago Mr. G. B. Shaw gave an address at the Kensington Town Hall, in which he made some startling remarks about Shakspeare, which from another man might have more weight with an audience. He denied that there was much value in Shakspeare's works (poor Bacon), that he was an ordinary middle-class gentleman of his own profession who mistook his vocation (for the world's happiness) by writing blank verse instead of prose; that he had no true feeling for poetry; said his love romances showed that Shakspeare was never properly in love; and this after a reference to "Romeo and Juliet"! These are matters of opinion, but when, as in this case, the opinion is that of another dramatist who for his own chance would gladly give Shakspeare's stage works a rest, we can understand the bias. But there are others, as a writer in *Blackwood* remarked, "Hopping over the graves of the illustrious dead." We have the eminent Russian novelist, Count Tolstoy, who criticised Shakspeare's writings and whom he deemed an inferior playwright, and destitute of genius; and then comes Dr. Karl Bleibtren, who declares his con-

viction that the plays attributed to Shakspeare were the work of Roger, Earl of Rutland. How the disease is spreading! A writer in one of our newspapers struck with all these things wrote thus:—

“ Before a cast of Shakspeare’s head
I stood and gazed awhile, and said
‘ In fields Elysian hast thou heard
The Teuton Savant’s latest word;
Hast heard him to the world proclaim,
That thou hast filched another’s name
And to a Duke must needs resign,
The glory which we thought was thine,
What doom is his who’s thus reviled
Our Will ’? The bust of Shakspeare smiled.
‘ Nay worse!’ I said, ‘ the Eastern wind
Brings news the Russian sage is blind
To merit in thee, doth profess
Thy works but bring him weariness;
Great Tolstoy takes thy name in vain,’
The bust of Shakspeare smiled again! ”

In these attacks we ought to be troubled the more because Bacon if he is to share the praise must also share the blame. If following Greene’s novel, for instance, he gives a sea-shore to Bohemia without questioning its accuracy, which made food for conversation between Jonson and Drummond, or working on North’s translation of Plutarch’s lives he copies his blunders, and makes others of his own. A scholar like Bacon could not have made the mistakes which occur in the plays, otherwise he would be unworthy of the name. We don’t praise Shakspeare for his mere

scholarship, his quality of mind was much superior to that of the mere scholar, but we regret that for the sake of his dear memory that he trusted so much to the intelligence of others. He did not trust others in his description of country life. His earlier plays are specially noticeable for his reference to rural sports, and the games indulged in by the people; as also to a knowledge of dogs, and the higher sport of hunting and hawking affected by the gentry. Many of the expressions he uses are spoken of by writers as used in the neighbourhood of Stratford, and also, which fact is of import, the names of people in that district are introduced into his plays.

Another writer has now come forward to dethrone our national idol, Mr. W. T. Smedley, who shows himself a true Baconian in his "Mystery of Francis Bacon," by making bold but thoughtless statements in the hope that they will not be challenged by an easy-going public. He says Shakspeare was only a fifth-rate actor. This is mere assertion; the statement is untrue. As regards his position on the stage one of the first acts of King James after reaching London was to order out a warrant from the Privy Council for the issuing of a patent under the great seal whereby the Lord Chamberlain's players were taken into his own immediate patronage, under the title of the King's servants. The instrument

names nine players, and Shakspeare stands second in the list. What can this mean but that James' advisers looked upon Shakspeare as eminent in his profession. Any modern actor could tell Mr. Smedley the value of being named, in a special list, in the highest of all dramatic companies. Mr. Smedley is one of those industrious students who have spent an enormous amount of time in searching through Bacon's published works, and the books which have passed through Bacon's hands, as proved by his annotations, and yet not once does he find what might be a clear reference to the plays that shows Bacon's authorship of them. I wonder they are not struck with this absence of direct allusion, Bacon being so precise, but no, not a word directly or indirectly can be found which will help to settle this vexed question in Bacon's favour. We learn through Mr. Smedley that we are threatened with still another revelation by a Mr. E. V. Tanner which, judging by the title to be given, will have some still further views built up on figures and conjectural speculations. One of the complaints against Shakspeare is that we know so little about him. Thus an opportunity is given for imagination to step in and mischievous ingenuity to find exercise. But we have the fruits of Shakspeare's great and long labours, and we are satisfied. Mr. Smedley makes the astonishing statement that by

far the greater part of Bacon's life is unknown, which thought seems to please him, as it gives him the means of conjecturing that he was during this retirement as it were writing the plays and poems. I judged, as will be seen from my previous remarks, that Bacon must have been a very busy man to have accomplished what he has done, but according to the new view I am mistaken. Luckily the study of contrasts of years and works between the two great men puts this new view aside. Is it credible that these writers never think how impossible it would have been for Bacon to be the author of the plays and poems, and also the great philosophical works of which he was so proud? Even if he had such a wonderful genius as enabled him to write in all styles of composition, his life was too short for such a task. Consider that the plays meant more than the mere writing of them. It was physically impossible for one man to have written and done so much in his life-time, the more so as in Bacon's case he was not a strong man. We know that Bacon devoted the last years of his life to elaborating and correcting his books, as well as writing further philosophical matter. There was no correction whatever of the many errors in the plays, but the most significant fact of all is, that the production of plays ceased with Shakspeare's death, though Bacon lived on for ten years longer.

LOST MANUSCRIPTS.

Where are the MSS. of Shakspeare's plays is the cry of these scribes who know full well what time, fire, carelessness, and other accidents can do to destroy such things. Let Dr. Beeching answer the question. "They have gone," he says, "to the same place as the MSS. of Marlowe, and Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Greene, and Peele, and Decker, and Drayton, and Chapman, and Ford. There survives, I believe, of all that treasure, which in our autograph hunting would be worth a King's ransom, one masque of Jonson, one play of Massinger, one of Heywood." Will these facts have any weight with these unlearned men? Perhaps not. They will still call for MSS. in Shakspeare's handwriting as a necessary proof, knowing well they cannot exist, but the careful Bacon might have one of the plays in his own handwriting. Where is it?

STRATFORD WORTHIES.

Sir Edwin makes a point of giving a translation from Jean Blaeu, 1645, in which that writer states that "Stratford owes all its glory to two of its sons. John, Archbishop of Canterbury, who built a church there; and Hugh Clopton, who built at his own cost, a bridge of fourteen arches across the Avon." This is quite correct as regards the church and the bridge, but there is another authority of still greater weight, Sir William Dugdale, who in his "History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire," in 1657, as quoted by Sir Sidney Lee in his "History of Stratford-on-Avon," says "One thing more in reference to this Ancient town (Stratford) is observable, that it gave birth and sepulture to our late famous poet Will Shakspeare." Thanks, Sir William, there is something fuller in your "one thing more" than you dreamt of.

Stratford-on-Avon is a very ancient town, dating from the 7th or 8th century. The above reference to the Archbishop may be supplemented. In the 14th century there were three Stratford men who were benefactors to Stratford and who rose to great distinction in the land. They all became

Prelates: one rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury, the two others Bishops respectively of London and Chichester. They are known to history as John, Robert, and Ralph of Stratford. The two former were brothers, the latter their nephew. Robert was twice Chancellor of England. John, in the absence of Edward the Third, fighting in France, governed England with great credit, and was noted for his defence of the Constitution. They were all devoted to the interests of their native town. Another great benefactor was Sir Hugh Clopton, who lived there at the end of the 15th century. He was a man of great wealth, made chiefly through being a merchant in London, where he was Lord Mayor in 1492. His house in Stratford was "New Place," which a little more than a century later became the property of another great townsman—William Shakspeare. Clopton did much for the architecture of Stratford, for the repair of the chapels and churches, and for its poor, but his name is particularly associated with the erection of the bridge referred to.

Stratford grew in importance, becoming very rich and famous through its "Guild," which had a very ancient origin, and was of a religious character. It gradually controlled the town and all its various trades, exercising a sway over the morals of the people which was very remarkable.

A school was built by it for the town at which education was free, the schoolmaster being paid a salary by the guild. It was a remarkable town and remarkably governed until Henry VIII. sent his commissioners to it in 1535. Then commenced its evil days. The college, the home of the chantry priests, who were useful in the erection of neighbouring chapels, was the first to suffer. Its wealth was taken away and it was afterwards suppressed with all other college chantries. This college, after being empty for four years was given to the Earl of York who made it into a private residence. But the greatest suffering and change for Stratford was in 1547 when the "Guild" was dissolved and all its property went into the Royal Treasury. This was like a death-blow to Stratford, and for six years it was without proper government. At last their grievances were brought to the notice of Edward VI who, though not until some years afterwards, gave the inhabitants power to govern themselves. They were excellently governed though feeling the spirit of the times; the parental form of government acted very harshly. Every one had to go to church at least once a month, under heavy penalties for non-compliance, and commissioners from London came down to see that these severe measures were carried out.

But through all these troublous times the Guild

school was never closed, and the Royal Charter of 1553 made the Free Grammar School to endure for ever, with one master and teacher. Here free education was given even to the poorest children, and it is inconceivable that Shakspeare did not enjoy all its benefits during the time he attended it, and he had for teachers during that time well-known men who were carefully selected by the Burgesses. It was considered an excellent Grammar School, and the play of "Love's Labour's Lost," already referred to, shows Shakspeare's thorough acquaintance with the school-books, and an excellent proof that he knew something of the Latin tongue. It may be that he had to leave school at the customary age of 14, as each boy had then to select which trade or profession he would be apprenticed to, a rule which may be said was compulsory. Though John Shakspeare would be in declining circumstances when William had to leave school, it is a strange thing that he never parted with his Henley Street houses, which afterwards came into William's possession.

Sir Edwin concludes his pamphlet in a happy state of feeling that he has killed the Shakspeare myth, as he terms it. There lives no doubt in his mind, that by his means alone the great enigma has at last been solved. I wonder who will thank him for his pains. He says it seems difficult to imagine that people possessed of the ordinary

intelligence can any longer continue to believe that the most learned of all the literary works in the world were written by the most unlearned of men, William Shakspeare of Stratford. Imagination in this matter must be put aside. We have the solid fact of Shakspeare's existence; of his life on the stage; of his producing the great poems and plays attached to his name; with his friendship with the great writers of his time; of his quick advance to fame and fortune; of the special favour shown to him by Queen Elizabeth and James I; of his retirement to his native place, where he died, and that after a very few years a monument was put up in the chancel of the church to his memory, and there it is yet to attract the eyes of admirers who flock to the shrine as they have done for many generations. No individual writer's works ever penned have been more studied, more critically examined, than the Shakspeare plays. The greatest minds of this and other countries for centuries past have seen no reason to doubt the facts of his life, few though they may seem to be to some people, nor to doubt either the conception of the plays as belonging to the mind of the Stratford playwright. And why is this? Because they recognise in him a wonder of Nature, the possessor of something never yet owned by the best intellects of schools or colleges in the same fulness, and that is genius. A bunch

of the greatest intellects combined have not surpassed the greatness of the man called by Coleridge "the thousand souled."

Shakspeare is our National Poet. His glory becomes ours. We worship his memory because we find in him all the great qualities which make a perfect teacher. He is our guide to right-doing and right-thinking. Through his teaching we are led on to love Nature and Nature's God; to praise and practise virtue; to abhor vice; to love our country and our fellow-men. He has sounded human nature in all its forms; he has sought to sustain human dignity and not to degrade it. His maxims for the regulation of our lives in good thoughts and good actions have been fruitful in the training of Englishmen and women. In woman he has found those beautiful and angelic traits which place her on a higher plane than any other dramatist of his time ever reached, or living dramatists have sought. One becomes amazed at the perfection of many of his creations, and all springing from what are the heart and mind of the greatest Christian dramatist that this island has ever known. Religion and morality, tolerance and kindness, are manifested in his plays at a time as we know when people suffered terribly in England for conscience sake, and the wildest passions were let loose. He was a marvel then, he is yet a marvel, and "take him for all in all

we shall never look upon his like again." We must not diminish his glory at the instance of intellects too small to measure his greatness. He is our National Asset, and it is for us never to be unworthy of the great legacy he has left to us and to the entire world.

Shakspeare has to suffer so many aspersions because people do not find what they seek for in his history, that the number of complaints is increasing. There wasn't a book in his house, says one, considering that this would show he was illiterate. Really an assumption like this argues a want of common sense as it is a statement which the writer could not prove to be true. He left "New Place" and everything in it to his daughter and her husband, and as it is known that the husband possessed a large library, it is more than assumption to say that it previously belonged to Shakspeare. Another thing. Both the daughter and her husband were strongly affected by puritanical notions, which might be the reason that any writings connected with the stage would be destroyed. This may seem unreasonable, but it is not so, as even on the 7th February, 1612, four years before Shakspeare's death, the Stratford Council passed a resolution that plays were unlawful, and that whereas in previous years each player was fined 10/-, from that day a penalty of £10 would be imposed. Just fancy how Shak-

speare would have received this information as he sat in his house just opposite to the Council Chamber. Puritanism grew rampant in Stratford. In fact the country suffered from it for a long time, plays and play-houses were anathema, the latter being closed for a long period. No wonder then that Stratford gave us none of Shakspeare's MSS., or that anything having reference to the dreadful theatre should be allowed to exist.

Besides, when the "Globe" theatre was burnt to the ground three years before Shakspeare's death it must have contained in its library many of Shakspeare's MSS., as they were the property of that theatre as acting plays. What woful visages would be seen among the Baconites if one could ever come to light.

I regret that I have had occasion to refer to this controversy about Shakspeare's plays, and would not have done so were it not that the ears of the members of the Arts Club have been assailed with the pernicious creed of the Baconians. Within the walls of the Club we have had repeated to us the vilest slanders against the moral life of Shakspeare in order to beget sympathy for further depreciation. He has been charged with want of affection for his wife : there is not one act in all his life which warrants such an accusation. His detractors say that he only left his wife "the

second best bed." This is a proof of the profound ignorance of such writers. There was no necessity in her case to be mentioned in the will at all as she had by law an interest in the third value of her husband's real estate which even he could not take from her without her consent. She must have been well provided for, or we should have heard of it, and as regards her wish for the special bed there must have been some particular reasons which were hers alone, as the request for it in the will was clearly an afterthought as it was interlined. Shakspeare was well acquainted with the law and the value of "dower;" it is a pity for the world, and themselves, that his calumniators on this point show such ignorance.

As regards Bacon it must be said that Shakspeareans regard him with the greatest esteem for his intellectual eminence. This controversy is not a question of which is the more intellectual of the two, but a flat denial must be made to those who contend that the two writers—as writers—are one. It is a new heresy which will bear little examination. There were men of great intellect in the Elizabethan days more likely to know all about Shakspeare than any writer of the present day, no matter how clever he may think himself to be. There should be no need for verbal jugglery, or strained interpretations, or crypto-

grams in order to reach the truth. Everything should be clear and without doubt. Illiterate people may be gulled, it is easy to do it, but this should not be said of the members of the Manchester Arts Club, or any Club of literary pretensions.

I do not advise my friends to read either of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence's works, but should curiosity tempt them to do so they are sure to find bewilderment in his labyrinthine wanderings. The results of his labours are neither clear nor convincing. The true goal is never reached and so comes the sad conclusion that our time is wasted in a vain attempt to elicit knowledge.

It is an outrage on decency, common-sense, and truth, that the illustrious name of Bacon should be linked with the infamous attempt to deprive William Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon of his just honour and fame. Let no one blindly follow these pseudo-prophets, but exercise his mind in testing their evidence, and he will have the satisfaction of saving himself from a contemptible delusion.

Intellectual giants of many nations have bowed with reverence to the supreme greatness of Shakspeare's mind, his gifts of language and thought, his catholicity of mental vision. If you forsake their appreciative works for the weak surmisings of smaller minds, you will lessen the value of your own,

and deny to God the creation in special instances of that quality of mind in man which we truly designate as *Genius*.

I have only thought it fit to select and criticise a few of the gross mis-statements regarding Shakspeare, just to recall to my readers' attention, and memory, the facts of his life which cannot be set aside by anyone learned or unlearned.

There is just one thing needed by these purblind critics to put a finishing touch to their speculations, and that is to deny that William Shakspeare of Stratford, actor, playwright, and poet, ever lived at all.

As to Sir Edwin he boldly challenges the intelligence of all who believe in the Stratford man; after reading either of his books the readers will not fail to challenge his. It may be that few of our learned men will care, or feel any necessity to write in defence of Shakspeare or his personality. He does not need it, and I half regret that I have been tempted thus to occupy myself for even a few hours. Still silence may be misunderstood. I will conclude by offering an opinion given by Dr. Salmon of Trinity College fame. "There's one more foolish than the man who believes that Bacon wrote Shakspeare,—the man who argues with him." With this censure, which is deserved, I retire.

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